VISIT…

A mighty fortress

is our God,

A bulwark never

failing;

Our helper He

amid the flood

Of mortal ills

prevailing.

For still our

ancient foe

Doth seek to

work us woe,

His craft and

pow'r are great,

And, armed with

cruel hate,

On earth is not

his equal.

Did we in our own

strength confide

Our striving would

be losing,

Were not the right

Man on our side,

The Man of God's own choosing.

Dost ask who

that may be?

Christ Jesus,

it is He;

Lord Sabaoth

His name,

From age to age

the same,

And He must win

the battle.

And tho this world,

with devils filled,

Should threaten

to undo us,

We will not fear,

for God hath willed

His truth to

triumph through us.

The prince of

darkness grim,

We tremble not

for him;

His rage we

can endure,

For lo! his doom

is sure,

One little word

shall fell him.

That word above

all earthly pow'rs,

No thanks to

them, abideth;

The Spirit and the

gifts are ours

Through Him who

with us sideth.

Let goods and

kindred go,

This mortal

life also;

The body they

may kill:

God's truth

abideth still,

His kingdom

is forever.